

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

89

W. H. MILLIER

deals with some further interesting facts affecting historical events in "The Golden Age of Boxing."

SULLIVAN AND JACKSON NEVER MET—WHY?

IT seems that many people still have the erroneous idea that Jack Johnson was the direct cause of white men raising the bar to black men in boxing. The drawing of the colour line, as our American cousins prefer it, dates back further than that.

I have already endeavoured to show in what high esteem the world generally held Peter Jackson. Yet, strange as it may sound, it was against Jackson that the famous John L. Sullivan drew the line.

It is for this very reason that we in this country have always refused to include Sullivan's name on the list of world champions of the past. There is no denying the high place in ring history that Sullivan carved for himself with his two huge fists, but his balance on the pedestal would have been all the firmer if it had not been for this one notable piece of backsliding on his part.

He had not the slightest excuse for his refusal to meet Peter Jackson, who would indeed have been a worthy foe. Many attempts were made to bring the pair together in the ring, and, for his part, Jackson was always ready, and indeed extremely anxious, to meet the tough American heavy-weight champion to decide which of them was really the world's champion.

Suggested private fight

Is it, then, to be wondered at that many critics of that period suggested that Sullivan was afraid to meet Jackson? Yet those who knew him well have always declared that Sullivan had the heart of a lion.

Frank Hall, who managed Sullivan in his later days, has

said that John L. offered to make a match with Jackson provided they fought in private with no more than ten men present. That may be taken for what it is worth, but it still fails to provide the real answer to the question, and thus must go down as just such another unsolved mystery as the one propounded by Johnson and Langford.

Sullivan was the last of the American bare-knuckle fighters and he did much to popularise the glove game by touring the world and offering prizes to anyone who could stand up to four rounds with him.

Born at Boston, Massachusetts, on October 15, 1858, Sullivan took to the ring at an early age, and was engaged in tough battles for twenty years, during which time he netted several fortunes, but spent the money in quicker time than it took to acquire.

At the age of 17 he was so powerful that he could not get anyone to box with him in his native Boston. He became the kingpin of American heavy-weight fighting, and held his position for a long time. It was in the evening of his ring career that he lost his American heavy-weight title to James J. Corbett, who knocked him out in 21 rounds at New Orleans in 1892.

Within the space of nine months, in 1893 Sullivan knocked out fifty men. He made a tour of the United States, offering 1,000 dollars to anyone he failed to defeat in four rounds.

Harry Wills was unlucky

Peter Jackson was not the only great negro boxer who had been made to miss the chance of a world's title because the reigning champion saw fit to draw the colour line.

There have been many instances, but none perhaps was more marked, nor more unfair, since Jackson's time, than that of Harry Wills.

Wills must have been born under an unlucky star, for there is little doubt that had he reached his boxing prime at a time when there was no question of debarring blacks from the championship he must have become world's heavy-weight champion. But when Wills had reached his best, the hate campaign which had been worked up against Jack Johnson became so acute that he received just the reverse of encouragement whenever he tried to get a title match.

It is noteworthy that Harry Wills was born in that memorable year that saw the fight between Jackson and Slavin—1892. He was a magnificent specimen of humanity, standing 6ft. 3in. With the tremendous reach of 84 inches and 15½ stone in weight, it may be imagined what a tough proposition he constituted for any ordinary heavy-weight to tackle.

Although collateral form is not always a true guide as to how one fighter compares with another, we can get a dead-line comparison by taking the fights between Wills and Langford.

It is agreed that Langford was at least as good as Johnson, and as the bigger black would never consent to a meeting with Langford after he had won his world's title, many of the game's best judges chose to regard Langford as the better man.

Met thirteen times

In any event, the greatness of Langford is undeniable. Wills and Langford fought each other thirteen times, and on each occasion put up battles that remain in the memories of the beholders. Six of these contests were of the no-decision variety, and of the seven which were fought to a decision, Wills won five and Langford two.

These meetings were spread over a period of eight years, and although it may be thought that Langford was on the down grade when Wills reached his prime, it must be stated that Langford was twice beaten by Wills in 1918, when he was still considered to be at his best. Negroes last considerably longer in the ring than white men, and I could name at least a score of them who were fighting well when turned fifty.

Wills probably reached his peak of form round about the time Jack Dempsey became world's champion, and, even if Dempsey had been willing to ignore the colour bar, no promoter would have risked the ostracism that would have been his portion had he dared to bring the pair together in the ring. The hate campaign against Jack Johnson had by no means died down even then. It takes more than one season of cleansing rains to wash off the mud that sticks like glue.

That Wills would have been a worthy holder of the world's heavy-weight title is fairly certain, but he was born at the wrong time and was never given the chance of a championship match.

The end of Siki

To deal with all the coloured



JACK DEMPSEY

boxers who had been frozen out of championship matches would require a lot of space, but I shall bring a number of them up for review as they come to hand to make up our patchwork quilt. Enough at the moment to mention that many kindly coloured folk felt this hurt to their pride and took steps wherever possible to see that any wayward son was brought to book before more outreries arose.

There is no better instance of this than to recall the final curtain on the career of Battling Siki, a wild and woolly negro who did more outrageous things than Jack Johnson's bitterest enemies could invent to add to the list of his so-called crimes.

When he had made things too hot for himself on the Continent of Europe, Siki made tracks for America. This irrepressible son of darkness wasn't hailed as a black prince. He was found dead in the gutter of a Harlem back street, his body riddled with bullets. If any tears were shed at his passing, they didn't roll down any coloured cheek.

I get around

By

RONALD RICHARDS

ANOTHER official booklet issued to U.S. Forces gives advice on how to behave if stranded in the South Seas.

Says the guide on the food question: "Crocodiles are one item on the menu. They taste like pork . . . but you are cautioned that you cannot tame a crocodile with a sock on the nose or charm him with a smile."

Crocodiles are different from sharks—or natives.

On general behaviour it says: "The boggy that you may find yourself amid a horde of savages waiting to serve you as the main course for dinner; or the boggy that if you are forced down at sea a shark is sure to amputate your leg—these and all others like them are false."

"Of the sixteen species of shark, only one, the tiger shark, is a serious threat to a man swimming in the water, and your chances of meeting one of them is not great. And if a shark does attack you, just sock him on the nose and he'll go away."

"Don't hide from the local inhabitants—seek them out and ask them to help you. Never show fear, and never threaten or use a gun. Approach the man who, as far as you can judge, is the most important."

"Go up to him with a smile. Ask him at once for whatever you need—water, food, directions to the coast, etc.—using sign language if he cannot understand English."

PLAYING with Goggles in the King and Keys tavern in Fleet Street the other evening was a Canadian soldier. Tony's mother introduced me, and I told him about "Good Morning."

"Waal, I sure hand it to you. I'd like to do something for those guys," he said.

He couldn't write poetry, he knew some jokes that I must save 'til we meet, and he hadn't an idea for a thriller. That left a sketch. Within ten minutes the white sandwich bar top was

adorned with half a dozen cartoons, captioned with Canadian typicality.

George Greenwell happened in with a bevy of cameras, and here is the first cartoon.

The artist is John Paris. Pre Adolph's antics, he was a professional gambler.

ULTRA - VIOLET lamps, which reproduce the tonic effects of the sun, are being widely used in the schools, mines and Government offices to keep the nation fit.

Well, O.K. That stuff's all right for school kids, people who work all day underground or in Government offices; they need it, poor things.

But when, in a recent Sunday newspaper, I read that London journalists (who, in the trade, are considered to be the toughest in the world), now have bi-weekly sun-ray sessions—well!

The scheme referred to was for the employees of the "Sunday Chronicle" and all other branches of Allied Newspapers. It might be interesting to see if Beaverbrook goes one further for his "Express" group by instituting a morning break for Ovaltine—or something.

"THE Hampshire Telegraph," I was surprised to see, had this heading in a recent issue: "Her Thousandth Baby." I don't know much about these things, but I was sure it couldn't be so, so I read on.

It transpired that the "she" was Sister Agnes Hynd, who since about 1925 has been district nurse at Fareham and Gosport.

Apart from wondering how long the Fleet had been in during the past twenty years, I thought no more about it.



"Ah had one bah mah first, two bah mah second—and two all bah mahself." (Drawn by Paris. See Ronald Richards' story above.)

If your name is Wilfred Griffiths —this will interest you

IN a compact little chalet on top of the headland overlooking Caswell Bay, by Mumbles, in South Wales, an old lady and a dog often sit and wonder what Leading Steward Wilfred Griffiths is doing.

"It was a wonderful time when he was last home on leave," said his mother, Mrs. Helena Griffiths, "and I am living for the next time he comes back."

"And so is 'Sada.' She moved a hand to caress the dog's head."

"But it isn't so lonely, now

that my daughter Valerie is back. She was two years with the Wrens, but they let her come back on compassionate grounds, and now she is working in the Food Office."

She is 72, Mrs. Griffiths. But she thinks nothing of washing a pair of blankets and hanging them out to dry—a job that many a young housewife finds a heavy one. She looks after the house and has time to spare to tend the small garden.

The geraniums are in blossom, Submariner Griffiths, and the garden looks fine.

When we were there, your

cousin, Kathleen, was having a short holiday at the chalet, after hurting her knee owing to a fall downstairs.

She sends her love—and, of course, Mother does, too.

"Tell him we hope he is happy and that he is able to get a bit of swimming now and then. And tell him that Uncle Dave is getting better now. He knows Uncle was ill with double pneumonia, and he'll be glad to hear."

And "Sada"—and her two pups—will give you a grand welcome when you get back.

There's a picture for you on Page 4.



Here is the only woman carter employed in St. Helen's, Lancashire—Mrs. Mary Dolan, wife of the Rugby player, James Arthur Dolan. What James Arthur doesn't know about rugby isn't worth much, and that nearly goes for Mary about horses. James Arthur's footwork some folk think is perfect, but what about his good lady's four-foot work—six, counting her own.

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—51

- 1.—Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after HRONEM, and make a word.
- 2.—Mix the letters of RED and OPAL to make a wild animal.
- 3.—Change SICK into WELL, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration. Change in the same way: SOUP into FISH, SHOT into GOAL, SNOW into HAIL.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word CATERPILLAR?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 50

- 1.—METRONOME.
- 2.—GORILLA.
- 3.—PAPER, TAPER, TAPES, TARES, WARES, WARNS, WAINS, PAINS, PAINT, PRINT, SNAP, SOAP, SOUP, COUP, COOP, CHOP, SHOP, SHOT, SOON, COON, CORN, CORE, CARE, DARE, DATE, LATE, LARK, BARK, BARE, BAKE, CAKE, COKE, JOKE.
- 4.—This, Were, Shot, Wise, Wore, Wist, West, Rise, Hist, Rest, Hire, Sire, Tire, Rose, Toes, Riot, Shew, etc.
Wrist, There, Their, These, Sweet, Other, Wiser, Shirt, Short, White, Threw, Thews, Store, Shore, Whist, Worth, etc.

This England and these English



POLITICS.

IT would be well for the business of the political world if young men would study longer before they went into it and old men were not so long before they went out of it.

... First Marquis of Halifax.

QUIZ for today

1. What is woom?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Song of the Shirt," (b) "Songs of Innocence"?
3. Which of the following words is an "intruder" and why: Drum, Cymbal, Oboe, Tympanum, Tabor, Tambourine.
4. What and where are (a) Aran, (b) Arran, (c) Arun?
5. Where is Runnymede?
6. Which of these words is mis-spelt: Subsidiary, Jeopardise, Dependant, Isthmus, Veterinary?
7. What is meant by a wayzgoose?
8. Lilac belongs to the: Rose family, lily family, privet family, rhododendron family?
9. Samuel Butler wrote a book called "Erewhon." What does this title mean?

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in CONNING, but not in TOWERS,
My second's in SEAWED, but not in FLOWERS,
My third is in SPITFIRE, though not MARAUDER,
My fourth is in SPENDTHRIFT, so not in HOARDER,
My fifth's not in SLACKS, but's found in BREECHES,
My sixth is in FORESHORE, while not in BEACHES.

(Answer on Page 3)



By HERMAN MELVILLE

THE tattooing on his back in particular attracted my attention. The artist employed must indeed have excelled in his profession. Traced along the course of the spine was accurately delineated the slender, tapering, and diamond-checked shaft of the beautiful "artu" tree.

Branching from the stem on either side, and disposed alternately, were the graceful branches drooping with leaves all correctly drawn, and elaborately finished. Indeed, this piece of tattooing was the best specimen of the Fine Arts I had yet seen in Typee. A rear view of the stranger might have suggested the idea of a spreading vine tacked against a garden wall.

Upon his breast, arms, and legs, were exhibited an infinite variety of figures; every one of which, however, appeared to have reference to the general effect sought to be produced. The tattooing I have described was of the brightest blue, and when contrasted with the light olive-colour of the skin, produced an unique and even elegant effect. A slight girdle of white tappa, scarcely two inches in width, but hanging before and behind in spreading tassels, composed the entire costume of the stranger.

He advanced surrounded by the

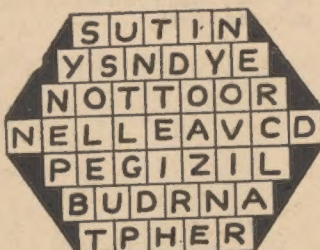
civility, or even the more incontrovertible fact of my existence, the stranger passed on, utterly regardless of me, and flung himself upon the farther end of the long couch that traversed the sole apartment of Marheyo's habitation.

I was thrown into utter astonishment. The conduct of the savages had prepared me to anticipate from every new-comer the same extravagant expressions of curiosity and regard. The singularity of his conduct, however, only roused my desire to discover who this remarkable personage might be, who now engrossed the attention of every one.

Tinor placed before him a calabash of poee-poe, from which the stranger regaled himself, alternating every mouthful with some rapid exclamation, which was eagerly caught up and echoed by the crowd that completely filled the house. When I observed the striking devotion of the natives to him, and their temporary withdrawal of all attention from myself, I felt not a little piqued.

Marnoo, this all-attractive personage, having satisfied his hunger, and inhaled a few whiffs from a pipe which was handed to him, launched out into an harangue which completely enchained the attention of his auditors.

MIXED TOWNS



Can you spot these well-known towns? They read across only, and the letters are jumbled. Looks easy? Try it. Solution to-morrow.

Little as I understood of the language, yet from his animated gestures and the varying expression of his features—reflected as from so many mirrors in the countenances around him, I could easily discover the nature of those passions which he sought to arouse.

From the frequent recurrence

JANE



ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



"OPEN WIDER, PLEASE!"

It is the pavement dentist in China who is doing the smiling—which shows that dentists are pretty much the same all over. The Chinese one extracts teeth at about fourpence each, and, to show how efficient he is, he has a tray filled with extractions to give victims confidence. Of course, there is no such soothing influence as gas, but the parent here is giving all the moral and courageous support possible to the tiny victim. There is pathos in these hand-clasps—and isn't he the brave little man to take it like this!

hasty witticism, which was sure to be followed by peals of laughter. To the females, as well as to the men, he addressed his discourse. Heaven only knows what he said to them, but he caused smiles and blushes to mantle their ingenuous faces.

I am, indeed, very much inclined to believe that Marnoo, with his handsome person and captivating manners, was a sad deceiver among the simple maidens of the island.

During all this time, he had never for one moment deigned to regard me. He appeared, indeed, to be altogether unconscious of my presence. I was utterly at a loss how to account for this extraordinary conduct.

At length, from certain indications, I suspected that he was making me the subject of his remarks, although he appeared cautiously to avoid either pronouncing my name, or looking in the direction where I lay. All at once he rose from the mats where he had been reclining, and, still conversing, moved towards me, his eye purposely evading mine, and seated himself within less than a yard of me.

I had hardly recovered from my surprise, when he suddenly turned round, and, with a most benignant countenance, extended his right hand gracefully towards me. Of course I accepted the courteous

challenge, and, as soon as our palms met, he bent towards me, and murmured in musical accents—"How you do?" "How long have you been in this bay?" "You like this bay?"

Had I been pierced simultaneously by three Happar spears, I could not have started more than I did at hearing these simple questions. For a moment I was overwhelmed with astonishment, and then answered something I know not what; but as soon as I regained my self-possession, the thought darted through my mind that from this individual I might obtain that information regarding Toby which I suspected the natives had purposely withheld from me.

Accordingly, I questioned him concerning the disappearance of

Continued on Page 3.

Who is it?

He was born in Dublin 87 years ago. Came to England in his 20th year, and joined a political society. Wrote on politics, music, drama, and later turned to play-writing. Is tall, bearded, a vegetarian, non-smoker and teetotaler. Has more than twenty plays to his credit, most of which have been performed with success. Who is he?

(Answer on Page 3)

Answer to Quiz in No. 88

1. A South African snake.
2. (a) Lawrence Sterne, (b) J. M. Barrie.
3. Caviare, which is sturgeon roe; the others are sweets.
4. 206, counting the six ear bones.
5. The Volga, 2,300 miles long.
6. Major Wingfield, 1874.
7. A frame of beads strung on wires, to help in calculating.
8. Great Paul, in St. Paul's Cathedral; 16½ tons.
9. A gipsy in George Borrow's "Lavengro."
10. 23 hours 48 minutes.
11. August 5, 1858.
12. The Simplon Tunnel, Switzerland; 12 miles 537 yards long.

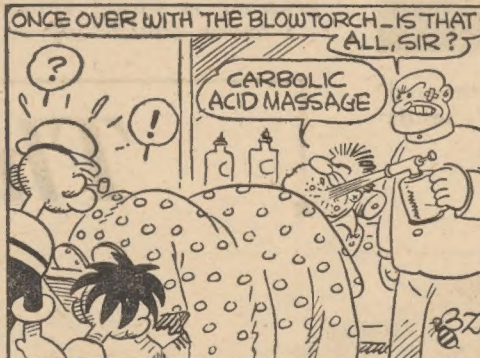
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Not such a dead sea

By MARCUS DELINGER

THE Dead Sea isn't so dead after all. For many years it was considered just a mass of water containing salts so thick that it was difficult to bathe. But it is more than that. It is really a reservoir of potential energy for future industries.

The salt content of the sea is pretty much the same as that of the Great Salt Lake in Utah, so far as volume goes; but it is somewhat different as to constituents.

Recent investigations by scientists have led them to the belief that the Dead Sea is a vast reservoir of supplies, not only for the war effort, but for industries after the war. Dr. Ernst Bergmann believes that with organisation the Dead Sea might help to establish industries in Palestine that could make the East independent of outside supplies.

FOR WAR AND PEACE.

Potassium salts are necessary both in war and in peace: in war because potassium chloride is useful for explosives, and in peace because potassium, or its derivatives, are among the finest fertilisers.

In the last year for which figures are available (1938), more than 63,000 tons of potassium chloride were manufactured in Palestine, and the Dead Sea has a potential supply of two thousand million tons.

Of bromine, the Dead Sea can supply nearly a thousand million tons, which is more than can be found in any single deposit in the world.

A large part of bromine is needed for compounds such as methyl bromine, for use in fire extinguishers, and it is admitted that the uses of bromine are not yet fully recognised by the chemical industry.

Of magnesium, the Dead Sea can give up something like five thousand million tons. Magnesium is necessary in many industries - the light-metal industry and in the construction of aeroplanes, for instance.

It has been discovered, too, that the mountains separating the Dead Sea from Judea have a large amount of limestone.

One prospected area was estimated to have about 24,000,000 tons. Now, this limestone gives up to about 20 per cent. of organic matter and up to eleven per cent. of its weight in shale oil, which might be used to generate the power needed for developing other latent forces.

The shale oil contains about ten per cent. of sulphur, which, if desulphurised, could be the source of sulphuric acid, which in turn could be utilised for the making of fertilisers.

SCIENTISTS' DREAM.

In the Gaza area large deposits of sulphur have been discovered, which have been estimated to be about a million tons.

Indeed, one dream of the scientists is that both the Transjordanian shore of the Sea and the Palestinian shore could be made to give up their hitherto unknown deposits, and a market created to supply the requirements of the Near and the Far East in many directions.

It would, say the scientists, become one of the main sources of supply for the world also, and the Dead Sea would be a source of activity that would make a very large contribution to the New World that is bound to emerge after this conflict.

TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

my companion, but he denied all knowledge of the matter. I then inquired from whence he had come? He replied, from Nukuheva. When I expressed my surprise, he looked at me for a moment, as if enjoying my perplexity, and then, with his strange vivacity, exclaimed, "Ah! me taboo, - me go Nukuheva, - me go Tior, - me go Typee, - me go everywhere, - nobody harm me, - me taboo."

This explanation would have been altogether unintelligible to me, had it not recalled to my mind something I had previously heard concerning a singular custom among these islanders.

Though the country is possessed by various tribes, whose mutual hostilities almost wholly preclude any intercourse between them, yet there are instances where a person having ratified friendly relations with some individual belonging to the valley, whose inmates are at war with his own,

may, under particular restrictions, venture with impunity into the country of his friend, where, under other circumstances, he would have been treated as an enemy. In this light are personal friendships regarded among them, and the individual so protected is said to be "taboo," and his person, to a certain extent, is held as sacred. Thus the stranger informed me he had access to all the valleys in the island.

Curious to know how he had acquired his knowledge of English, I questioned him on the subject. At first, for some reason or other, he evaded the inquiry, but afterwards told me that, when a boy, he had been carried to sea by the captain of a trading vessel, with whom he had stayed three years, living part of the time with him at Sydney, in Australia, and that, at a subsequent visit to the island, the captain had, at his own request, permitted him to remain among his countrymen.

When I asked the now affable Marnoo why it was that he had

not previously spoken to me, he eagerly inquired what I had been led to think of him from his conduct in that respect. I replied, that I had supposed him to be some great chief or warrior, who had seen plenty of white men before, and did not think it worth while to notice a poor sailor.

At this declaration of the exalted opinion I had formed of him, he appeared vastly gratified, and gave me to understand that he had purposely behaved in that manner, in order to increase my astonishment, as soon as he should see proper to address me.

Marnoo now sought to learn my version of the story as to how I came to be an inmate of the Typee valley. When I related to him the circumstances under which Toby and I had entered it, he listened with evident interest; but as soon as I alluded to the absence, yet unaccounted for, of my comrade, he endeavoured to change the subject, as if it were something he desired not to agitate.

I could not conceal from my mind that Toby had been treated in the same friendly manner as I

MIXED DOUBLES

The following MIXED DOUBLES are composed of an inland British town and the river on which it stands, "RIPON and URE," for example.

- (a) BURNS COKE
(b) FIND FOES HELD.

(Answers in No. 90)

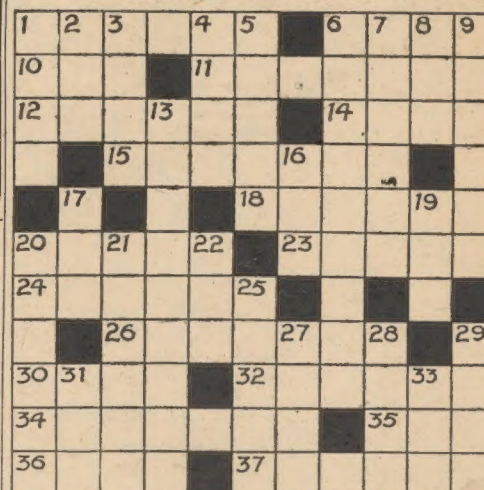
Answer to Who Is It?
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Solution to Allied Ports.
NAPIER.

had been, and yet all their kindness terminated with his mysterious disappearance. Might not the same fate await me? - a fate too dreadful to think of. Stimulated by these considerations, I urged anew my request to Marnoo; but he only set forth in stronger colours the impossibility of my escape, and repeated his previous declaration, that the Typees would never be brought to consent to my departure.

(Continued to-morrow)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Vestiges.
- 6 Boat.
- 10 Wheel centre.
- 11 Spoil.
- 12 Accustomed.
- 14 Girl.
- 15 Melodious.
- 18 Strike out.
- 20 Implied.
- 23 Lowest point.
- 24 Part of tooth.
- 26 Resuscitated.
- 30 Scheme.
- 32 Face.
- 34 More exulted.
- 35 Dog.
- 36 Sheep.
- 37 Myth.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem

CLAMP RASPS
HIDE WALNUT
INANE PLANE
PEP ASTER A
SATIRE GEUM
G SLAKE N
LEST RESIST
A PHASE SEA
PLUMP NASAL
PERUSE SULK
SENSE CHESS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Spare.
- 2 Double.
- 3 Border.
- 4 Smooth.
- 5 Took part.
- 6 Feigns.
- 7 Called to.
- 8 Pronoun.
- 9 Annoy.
- 13 First principles.
- 16 Marshy land.
- 17 Vehicle.
- 19 Tilt.
- 20 Part of head.
- 21 Water-bottle.
- 22 Number.
- 25 Horizontal.
- 27 Metal thread.
- 28 Small fish.
- 29 Group of cattle.
- 31 Moo.
- 33 Weapon.

Good Morning

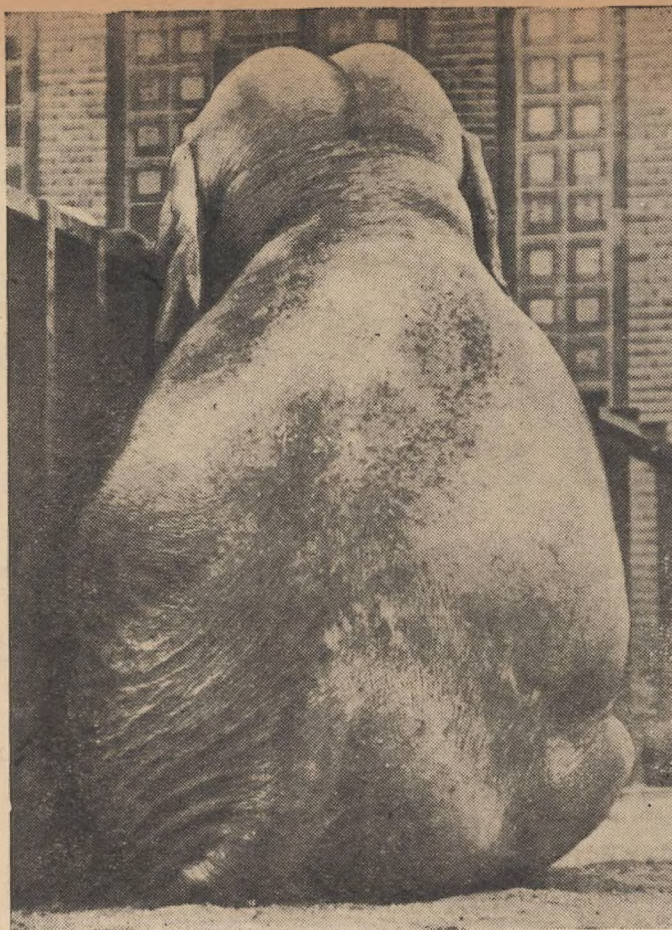
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

SADA
SAYS

'YES PLEASE'



"Sada" is a great pal of Leading Steward Griffiths, whose Mother (feeding "Sada") sends a message on the front page.



"I've got a feeling that some low-down photographer is doing things behind my back, and I never could face up to low-down tricks."



"Maybe I don't carry much weight around here, but I guess that if we don't get a second front soon, the first one'll have to do."

This Wales



Two munition workers have cycled to this lovely spot on Ewenny River, South Wales, to bathe. The stepping-stones lead from the "Old Star Cottage" (once an inn) to the ruins of Ogmere Castle. Nobody knows how old these stones are.



KAY HARDING. Sophisticated West End crooner, was educated in a convent, and left it to take up tap-dancing. She is now singing with E.N.S.A.—you may see her in a Depot show.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

